

CUMBERLAND'S

No. 4. MINOR THEATRE, Pr. 6d.

BEING A COMPANION TO

Cumberland's British Theatre.

The Mason of Buda:

A MUSICAL BURLETTA IN TWO ACTS,

By J. R. PLANCHE.

Author of "The Green-eyed Monster," "A Woman never Vext,"
"The Merchant's Wedding," "Amoroso," &c.

PRINTED FROM THE ACTING COPY,

With Remarks, Biographical & Critical,

By D—G.

TO WHICH ARE ADDED.

A DESCRIPTION of the COSTUME, Cast of the
CHARACTERS, ENTRANCES and EXITS, RELATIVE
POSITIONS of the Performers on the Stage, and
the whole of the STAGE BUSINESS, as now per-
formed in the METROPOLITAN MINOR THEATRES.

Embellished with a
FINE WOOD ENGRAVING
BY MR. BONNER

from a
Drawing taken in the Theatre
by
MR. R. CRUIKSHANK.

Shakspeare

LONDON: JOHN CUMBERLAND, 19, LUDGATE HILL;

SOLD BY LONGMAN, REES, ORME, BROWN, GREEN, SMITH, & MARSHALL,
HURST, CHANCE & CO. JOHN ST. LEE & CO. AND ASHER, SHERWOOD & CO.
LONDON: J. CUMING, DUBLIN: J. SUTHERLAND, EDINBURGH: W. FLEMING, GLAS-
GOW: DRAKE, BIRMINGHAM: G. W. WATKINS, LONDON: BY PARIS

CUMBERLAND'S CATALOGUE

OF

New and Elegant Publications.

Consisting of the most Popular Works of the Present Day; embellished with numerous superb Plain and Coloured Engravings, produced by those celebrated Artists, Robert and George Cruikshank, Woolnath, Wageman, Fry, Bonner, Landseer, Brooke, White, Bromley, Cooper, Taylor, Reeve, Philips, Blood, Neele, &c. The whole printed in the first style of elegance, on Superfine Hotpressed Paper.

Now Publishing in Numbers, Parts, and complete,

AT No. 19, LUDGATE HILL, LONDON.

*** Delivered by all Venders and Dealers in Books in the United Kingdom, free of any additional Expense, for Ready Money.

CUMBERLAND'S UNIVERSITY EDITION OF HUME, SMOLLETT, AND BURKE'S HISTORY OF ENGLAND;

From the Invasion of Julius Caesar, to the Present Time. With 150 Engravings by eminent Artists; also, elegant Engraved Titles for Six Volumes, and fine Portraits on Steel. To be completed in 150 Numbers at 6d. (also in Parts at 2s.)

*** This is decidedly the cheapest and most elegant and complete History of England ever offered to the Public.

LIFE IN PARIS,

Comprising the Rambles, Spree, and Amours of *Dick Wildfire*, of Corinthian celebrity, and his Bang-up Companions, *Squire Jenkins* and *Captain O'Shustleton*; with the whimsical Adventures of the *Halibut Family*, &c. &c. By DAVID CAREY, Esq. Containing 21 Vignettes and 21 Engravings of Scenes from Real Life, by *Mr. George Cruikshank*, beautifully coloured. Complete in 21 Numbers, fine Paper, and Hotpressed, 1s. each, or £1. 1s. boards.

BELSHAM'S CHRONOLOGY OF THE REIGNS OF GEORGE III. AND IV.

Including every Important Fact in Public History, Parliament, Courts of Law, Police Reports, Prices Current, Statistics, Finance, Science, Literature, Drama, Fine Arts, Births, Longevity, Deaths, Phenomena, Earthquakes, Meteors, Inventions, and Discoveries. With a *General Chronology* of the most important Events and Discoveries, from the Earliest Period. Complete to the Present Time, in one elegant little Volume, with Engraved Title and Portraits on Steel, price 5s. cloth boards.

IRELAND'S LIFE OF NAPOLEON,

Late Emperor of the French, &c.

In which is detailed Every Particular of his astonishing Career, both as a General and a Legislator, during the Republican, Consular, and Imperial Governments: interspersed with Numerous Anecdotes of his Public and Private Life, from his Birth in the Island of Corsica to the period of his Death at St. Helena; including Biographical Memoirs of Celebrated Military, Political, and Scientific Characters, who flourished from the Revolution to the Termination of the Imperial Dynasty. By W. H. IRELAND, Esq., Member of the Athenæum of Sciences and Arts at Paris. The whole complete in 64 Numbers, price 1s. each, embellished with Quarto Engravings by *Mr. George Cruikshank*, of the most celebrated Battles, beautifully coloured; full-length Portraits of Maria Louisa and Young Napoleon, engraved by *Cruikshank, Taylor, and Reeve*, Fifteen Portraits of Marshals and Generals, engraved by *Phillips*, and four engraved Titles, by *Neele*, with Vignettes of the Armorial Bearings of Napoleon, as Emperor, Maria Louisa, as Empress, Napoleon Francis Charles Joseph, as King of Rome, and the Star of the Legion of Honour. Complete in 64 Numbers, 1s. each, or 4 Vols. boards, £3. 6s.

CUMBERLAND'S BRITISH POETS,

Commencing with Chaucer's *Canterbury Tales*, and other Poems; to which are prefixed a Sketch of the History of English Poetry, a Life of Chaucer, and Observations on his Language and Versification. Embellished with a fine Portrait, Vignette Titles, and 20 other Engravings. In Numbers at 6d. each. In Parts at 2s., or in 2 Vols. cloth boards, price 12s.



R. Cruikshank, del.

G. W. Bonner, sc.

The Mason of Buda.

DUET.

Johan. And is it you then, really ?

Peter. And do I see you here ?

Act I. Scene 3.

THE MASON OF BUDA :

AN OPERA,

In Two Acts,

BY J. R. PLANCHÉ.

*Author of The Green-Eyed Monster, London and Paris, The Merchant's
Wedding, A Daughter to Marry, A Woman Never Vexed,
Amoroso, Charles XII., &c.*

PRINTED FROM THE ACTING COPY, WITH REMARKS,
BIOGRAPHICAL AND CRITICAL, BY D—G.

To which are added,

A DESCRIPTION OF THE COSTUME,—CAST OF THE CHARACTERS,
ENTRANCES AND EXITS,—RELATIVE POSITION OF THE PER-
FORMERS ON THE STAGE,—AND THE WHOLE OF THE STAGE
BUSINESS.

As now performed at the

ADELPHI THEATRE, LONDON.

EMBELLISHED WITH A FINE ENGRAVING,

By MR. BONNER, from a Drawing taken in the Theatre, by
MR. R. CRUIKSHANK.

LONDON:

JOHN CUMBERLAND, 6, BRECKNOCK PLACE,
CAMDEN TOWN.

THE
UNIVERSITY
OF
WARWICK
LIBRARY

The Gift of
Mrs C. F. Hall

0024.2590



REMARKS.

The Mason of Buda.


ORDINARY occurrences claim little sympathy from the public. The most distressing incident in real life, without its due portion of fiction and romance, of distortion and high colouring, might serve "to point a moral," but would not "adorn a tale" intended for the stage. A widow, divested of her dramatic accompaniments, would produce the same effect as *Mr. Puff's*—with her six children, and eleven husbands killed in the war. And an Orphan might tell his tale of woe, and receive as much commiseration as *Master Hempseed* in Colman's comical farce of *X. Y. Z.* What reasonable, thinking man will pay his money to see a clown play the fool in the ordinary way, when folly, at every turn, confronts and stares him in the face for nothing? If a drunkard, will he be content with an every-day picture of his favourite vice?—Certainly not: he will expect to behold inebriety after the newest fashion, and in its most comical shape. If a humourist, his desire will be to encounter the very sublime of fun; if a rogue, to be instructed in some unconceived system of villany, that he may forthwith put into profitable practice. In short, his ambition is to hear and see something that he has never seen or heard before; and the more marvellous it is, the better he is pleased with it. This feeling will be amply gratified by "*The Mason of Buda.*" The distresses of lovers are common enough—how they are parted, and how they are united, everybody knows, and nobody cares. But to chain a faithful couple to the wall of a grotto and fairly brick them up, is a catastrophe perfectly new and delightful. We are charmed with their despairing and musical sounds—with their outstretched arms, and uplifted eyes—with the clanking of chains, the noise of hammers, and a host of melodramatic *etceteras*, too numerous to mention. But our rapture knows no bounds at the sight of the *bricks and mortar!* an incident more peculiar to the *Scribes* than Pharisees. The story is intelligibly told; the music, instead of retarding, carries on the plot.—That which might be *said* is more pleasantly *sung*. An opera is a lyrical composition; in which the poetry is addressed to the mind, the music to the ear, and the scenery to the eye—this is Rousseau's definition, and a more correct one cannot be given.

The story is this:—A circumcised dog of a Turk, having purchased a Greek girl for his harem, cannot persuade her to listen to his addresses; because she has already listened to those of a Hungarian nobleman, one Count Emerich, which she finds infinitely more agreeable. He therefore, to gratify his offended pride and revenge, resolves to immolate the young couple; and, in the very place of their proposed assignation, the grotto, in the old monster's garden. In this he is assisted by Ibrahim, a slave, who joins in the plot with hearty good-will, the fair Greek having offered some rebuff to his amorous advances; and Riea, whose head only rests upon his shoulders on the condition that he betrays the lovers. In the execution

of this diabolical business, two handy workmen are indispensable—a locksmith to rivet the chains, and a mason to build up the entrance of the grotto, so as to constitute it a living tomb. The piece opens with the marriage festival of Peter Stein, possibly a *free*, but positively an *accepted* mason, with Berka, sister to Johan Aspen, a simple locksmith. We have the usual accompaniments of a wedding, song, dance, and revelry; every body is happy, save and except Madame Telky, a jealous scandalizing widow, who speaks well of nobody. The most substantial and attractive part of the entertainment is then announced—the supper—to which it may be presumed all the guests do ample honours. The feast over, Peter—Peter, very good boy! is taking his walk home, like Lady Grace, *sobertly*; his bride having been previously conducted to her future residence in due form, according to the custom of the country, by Johan and Madame Telky; when he is suddenly accosted by two slaves belonging to the revengeful Turk, Abdallah, who enforce their master's commands with daggers drawn. Peter, therefore, finds it prudent to adopt Falstaff's notion, that the better part of valour is *discretion*.—He submits to their superior force, is muffled up in a cloak and blindfolded, and finally whirled, in a close carriage, through an hundred circuitous windings and turnings, to the infidel's garden, and in a few words told what he is to do, and promised his reward. He soon finds a companion, in the person of his simple brother-in-law, Johan; who has been kidnapped in the like manner. They, therefore (without seeming to recognise each other), commence their work in a *duet*. The victims are introduced—in the lover, Peter discovers the count; whom he had formerly saved from the hands of assassins, and to whose generosity he (Peter) owes the possession of his bride. The interest becomes painful, but soon reaches its height, by the Count and Irma being rescued from their prison of death, and joining in the *finale*. There are some comic scenes between Mr. and Mrs. Aspen and Madame Telky. Even the new-married lady discovers a little of the *cloven foot*, in her premature reproaches of Peter for not joining the supper-party so speedily as she could wish. We may, however, part with Madame Telky upon good terms, since it is to her officious curiosity that *Mesdames* Berka and Aspen, from termagant *wives*, are not converted into disconsolate *widows*, like herself.

The Mason of Buda, with the exception of the last scene, which was written for *recitative*, for Sinclair and Miss Graddon, is taken from *M. Scribe's* opera, "*Le Maçon*." The French piece concludes by the rescued parties being produced before the mason's house. It is founded on an incident said to have occurred in the Fauxbourg St. Antoine; a Turkish ambassador having walled up a young female and her lover, previous to his return to Turkey. Mr. Planché has judiciously changed the scene to *Buda*, where such an occurrence might with greater probability have taken place, than at Paris, from its vicinity to the Turkish frontiers. The change also afforded more opportunities for dress and decoration.

The acting was good.—Wilkinson played the hen-pecked locksmith with his usual quiet, yet effective humour; and T. P. Cooke lost none of his reputation in honest Peter.

 D.—G.

Costume.

PRINCE PALATINE.—Scarlet and white Hungarian hussar uniform, richly embroidered with gold—Hessian boots, bound and tasseled with gold.

COUNT EMERICH.—Dark-green embroidered pelisse-coat, trimmed with sable—scarlet trousers, laced with gold—yellow boots—cap of sable fur, with scarlet bag and gold tassel.

ABDALLAH.—Yellow satin Turkish robe, with loose hanging-sleeves, trimmed with dark fur—under-dress of pink figured silk—shawl sash—yellow boots—white muslin turban, with diamond ornament in front—cimeter and dagger.

IBRAHIM.—Dark maroon Turkish robe—white trousers—yellow boots—sash—white muslin turban: *Second dress*: Gray Hungarian pelisse coat, trimmed with black fur—black Hungarian cap.

PETER STEIN.—Loose great coat, with large flat silver buttons—red waistcoat, with ornamented braces, black and green, over it—black knee-breeches, trimmed with green—blue stockings—black shoes, and silver buckles—round hat, with two or three rows of different-coloured ribands round the crown.

JOHAN ASPEN.—Brown coat, like Peter's, with silver buttons—blue waistcoat—black and crimson braces—dark purple breeches, trimmed with crimson—green stockings—shoes and buckles—three-cornered cocked hat.

IRMA.—A modern Grecian costume, consisting of crimson velvet jacket, embroidered with gold—white and gold petticoat and trousers—red morocco slippers. *Second dress*: Hungarian pelisse, of orange-coloured cloth, trimmed with sable, and cap to match—white petticoat—yellow boots.

BERKA.—Hungarian pelisse, of light-blue cloth, trimmed with white fur—orange petticoat—cap of blue cloth, and white fur, to match pelisse—yellow boots.

WIDOW TELKY.—Dark-brown jacket, with tight sleeves—crimson petticoat, with particoloured apron—silk toque—yellow boots.

NAGGY ASPEN.—A similar dress, of other colours.

USBECK and ALI.—Like Ibrahim's second dress.

ERICA.—Greek slave's dress:—crimson velvet jacket, embroidered with gold—white trousers—red velvet skull-cap, with gold trimmings and tassels.

SLAVES.—Hungarian white jacket and trousers—brown mantles, to imitate sheep-skins—black Hungarian caps.

SOLDIERS.—Hungarian hussar uniforms—scarlet jacket and pantaloons—green pelisse, trimmed with yellow or gold lace—Hessian boots—shakos, with the Austrian eagle in front, and black and yellow feathers.

MALE PEASANTS.—Similar to Peter Stein and Johan Aspen.

FEMALES.—Jackets, petticoats, and aprons, of various colours—brown handkerchiefs, tied round the head in the Austrian fashion.

Cast of the Characters,

As performed at the Adelphi Theatre, Oct. 21, 1828.

<i>Prince Palatine of Hungary</i>	- - -	Mr. Hemmings.
<i>Count Emerich, a Hungarian nobleman, and kinsman of the Prince</i>	- - - - -	} Mr. Sinclair.
<i>Abdallah, a wealthy Turk, residing at Buda</i>		
<i>Peter Stein, a stone-mason</i>	- - - - -	Mr. T. P. Cooke.
<i>Johan Aspen, a locksmith</i>	. - - - -	Mr. Wilkinson.
<i>Ibrahim</i>	} <i>Servants and Slaves of Abdallah</i>	{ Mr. G. Smith.
<i>Usbeck</i>		
<i>Ali</i>		
<i>Rica</i>		
<i>Officer</i>	- - - - -	Mr. Phillips.
<i>Widow Telky, the proprietor of a pipe-shop in the Suburbs of Buda</i>	- - - - -	} Mrs. Daly.
<i>Naggy Aspen, Johan's wife</i>	- - - - -	
<i>Berka, sister to Johan, and married to Peter Stein</i>	- - - - -	} Mrs. H. Hughes.
<i>Irma, a Greek girl, bought for the Harem of Abdallah, but beloved by Count Emerick</i>	- - - - -	
<i>Bridesmaids</i>	- - - - -	{ Miss Graddon.
		{ Miss Barnett.
		{ Miss Daly.
<i>Male and Female Friends and Neighbours of Aspen and Stein.</i>		
<i>Musicians, Waiters, Slaves, Soldiers, &c.</i>		

SCENE—*Buda and its Suburbs.*

Time—About Twelve Hours.

STAGE DIRECTIONS.

The Conductors of this work print no Plays but those which they have seen acted. The *Stage Directions* are given from their own personal observations, during the most recent performances.

EXITS and ENTRANCES.

R. means *Right* ; L. *Left* ; D. F. *Door in Flat* ; R. D. *Right Door* ; L. D. *Left Door* ; S. E. *Second Entrance* ; U. E. *Upper Entrance* ; M. D. *Middle Door*

RELATIVE POSITIONS.

R. means *Right* ; L. *Left* ; C. *Centre* ; R. C. *Right of Centre* ; L. C. *Left of Centre*.

R. R. C. C. L. C. L.

** *The Reader is supposed to be on the Stage, facing the Audience.*

THE MASON OF BUDA.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—*The Garden of a small Drinking-House, R. S. E., in the Suburbs of Buda—the Fortress, Bridge, and River in the distance.—Moonlight.—Garden-bench, L. S. E.*

Enter PETER, JOHAN, BERKA, and the WIDOW TELKY, with their Friends and Neighbours, two-and-two, R. U. E., dancing and singing.—One of the Peasants bears a crown of flowers, fastened to a pole, above the heads of Berka and Peter, c.

CHORUS,

Happy day! In diversion
Be every moment pass'd!
Dance away—no desertion—
Keep it up to the last.

Peter. [To Berka.] Behold thee now, my own love,
My dear, my darling wife!

Ber. Now every care is flown, love—
I'm thine, I'm thine for life!

Chorus Happy day! In diversion
Be every moment pass'd!
Dance away—no desertion—
Keep it up to the last.

Johan. Yes, yes; keep it up,—
At least, till we sup.
Madame Telky, your hand,—
Let us join the gay band.

Peter. Ay, ay, trip along,—
And, friends, do ye hear?
I'll sing you the old song.

All. Bravo! A volunteer.

Peter. I know but one—it oft has cheered our labours;
But I've no voice.

Johan. Pho, pho! mid friends and neighbours
What matters that: here, Peter, stand before us.
We'll listen to the song, and dance to the chorus.

SONG.—PETER.

Up, brothers, up! see where the morning
 Wakes to his daily toil the sun.
 Like him, obey the rosy warning—
 Our task, with his, at eve is done.
 Though small be our gains, and hard our labours,
 We envy not our wealthier neighbours,
 But sing, with voice and conscience clear,
 Courage still, boys—
 Come what will, boys,
 Honest hearts have naught to fear.
Chorus. [Dancing.] Courage still, boys—
 Come what will, boys,
 Honest hearts have naught to fear.

oy, brothers, joy, the day is over,—
 With its light our labour ends;
 Gayly each lass rejoins her lover—
 Round the merry wine-cup wends.
 Dance, drink, and sing,—a fig for sorrow;
 Time enough, when dawns to-morrow,
 On to-morrow's cares to peer.
 Courage still, boys,—
 Come what will, boys,
 Honest hearts have naught to fear.
Chorus. [Dancing.] Courage still, boys,—
 Come what will, boys,
 Honest hearts have naught to fear.

Enter Waiter, from door, R. S. E.

Wai. Supper's on the table.

Johan. Come, now, away, away with you all.

[Exit Waiter at door, R. S. E.—Chorus repeated.]

Happy day, &c.

[Exeunt Peter and Berka at the door, R. S. E., followed by all but Widow Telky and Johan, dancing and singing.]

Johan. Now, Madame Telky, won't you walk in to supper?

Widow T. Not I, indeed! I have had quite enough of it: the noise and the heat this morning were enough to kill one; and now, what with new-comers, smoking dishes, and flaring lights, it must be a positive furnace. Then there's your brother-in-law, Mr. Peter Stein, sitting upon the same chair with his wife—whisper, whisper, whisper, whisper—oh fie! it's so vulgar.

Johan. Ah! the fact is, Madame Telky, that, keeping as you do, the largest pipe-shop in Alt-Ofen, and being

intimate with all the tradespeople in the suburbs, you are a cut above us of the working-classes. I'm a poor locksmith, worth nothing at all, and I marry my sister, Berka, to an honest stone-mason; who is very little richer than myself. Love is all the wealth they have between 'em; and I see no reason why they should be ashamed of it.

Widow T. Well, bless me, Mr. Aspen, you needn't catch one up so! One would suppose you thought me jealous of your sister's happiness.

Johan. I never thought any such thing; but, now you come to mention it, I can't say it's very improbable. Peter is an old flame of your's: you were mighty fond of him once on a time, as everybody knows, and what might have happened, if my sister hadn't come in the way, why nobody knows, Madame Telky.

Widow T. (R. C.) Will people never leave off scandalizing their neighbours? You know very well, Mr. Aspen, that I always spoke rather ill of Peter Stein than otherwise.

Johan. (L. C.) Suppose you did—there was nothing particular in that, Madame Telky—you speak ill of every body: friends or foes, you make no difference.

Widow T. I do, do I? This is my reward for keeping my suspicions of this fine brother-in-law of your's a secret.

Jahan. Suspicions! your suspicions! what suspicions, Madame Telky?

Widow T. Why, since you force me to speak,—how did he become possessed of the fifty ducats, pray, that he bought and furnished the little cottage with, at the foot of the Blocksberg?—Can you tell me that?

Johan. No—it's no business of mine—I never ask'd him, because I'm sure he came by them honestly.

Widow T. He didn't earn them, I know that, Mr. Aspen, for he confessed as much in my hearing; and who would have given him fifty ducats, I ask you?

Johan. What's the use of asking me now my sister's married,—it's too late, now, even if there should be any thing wrong; you should have spoken before, if—

Widow T. What, and make mischief?—No, sir, that is not my plan: whatever my enemies may say of me, they cannot accuse me of making mischief wilfully.

Johan. Well, I can only say, if you do it by accident, you are the most unfortunate woman of my acquaintance.

Enter COUNT EMERICH, from the L. U. E., through the gate in the centre of the garden.

Count. [*Aside, after looking around him.*] Yes, I can sit here, unnoticed, till the hour arrives. How fast I must have ridden. [*Looking at his watch.*] Some wine, here!

[*Seats himself on the bench, L. S. E.*

[*A Waiter crosses from L. to R. door, and exit.*

Re-enter PETER, R. D., singing.

Courage still, boys,—

Come what will, boys,

Honest hearts have naught to fear.

Pet. Come, Johan,—come, Madame Telky, we have half done supper.

Count. [*Starting up.*] How! Can it be possible—that air—that voice! [*Approaching Peter, c.*] My good friend, sure I should know you?

Peter. My benefactor!

Count. The preserver of my life! I thank fortune that we meet again.

Widow T. (L.) Peter know that fine gentleman!

Johan. (L. c.) Why, brother, what is all this about?

Count. Is he your kinsman?—Be proud of him! The obligation I am under to him, is——

Pet. Nay, nay, sir; silence, I beseech you: I did but what any man would have done, in the same situation, and I have been richly paid for it. The purse you forced upon me contained fifty ducats—a fortune for a man like me—it has been the foundation of my happiness—it enabled me to ask the hand of her I loved more than life.

Johan. But what did you do, then, that——

Count. Has he never told you? But for his fortunate arrival and brave conduct, I should have been murdered. Three weeks ago, wandering on the banks of the river by moonlight, I was attacked, near the old town, by ruffians——

Widow T. Near the old town?

Count. Listen!

SCENA.—COUNT.

Wand'ring in the lovely light

The light of the summer moon;

Thinking on the eyes more bright,

That would beam upon me soon.

The sudden grasp of ruffian hands
 Scared my visions of delight;
 And the gleam of naked brands
 Flashed upon my startled sight,
 Back I made the foremost reel!
 But, by numbers sorely press'd,
 Soon had been the murderer's steel
 Sheathed within his victim's breast
 When, in accents loud and clear,
 This burden rang upon mine ear:—
 "Courage still, boys,—
 Come what will, boys,
 Honest hearts have naught to fear."
 'Twas he! this gallant stranger,—
 He saw, he felt my danger;
 He darted on the caitiff crew—
 Terror-struck, the villains flew.
 All reward he nobly spurned,
 Bade me, laughingly, adieu!
 And, as he homeward turned,
 And vanish'd from my view,
 Gayly on mine ear again
 Rose the well-remembered strain:—
 "Courage still, boys,—
 Come what will, boys,
 Honest hearts have naught to fear."

Johan. And the fifty ducats, then——

Count. I managed to slip my purse into his pocket, having vainly pressed his acceptance of it, and as fruitlessly endeavoured to learn from him his name and address.

Johan. [*To the Widow.*] You hear, Madam Telky—now what becomes of your fine suspicions?

Widow T. [*Pretending not to hear the question.*] I declare it will seem quite rude to stay from the company any longer.—I shall join the bride, Mr. Aspen.

[*Crosses and exit into the house, R. S. E.*]

Johan. [*Following her.*] But, Madame Telky! what becomes, I say—Odds life! but you shall eat your words before you eat my supper, Madame Telky.

[*Exit after her into the house, R. S. E.*]

Count. [*To Peter, with whom he has been conversing.*] At length, then, I know my preserver. [*Taking out his pocket-book.*] "Peter Stein, mason," [*Writing.*] You shall soon hear from me.

Peter. I repeat, sir, I am already overpaid; I owe to you the possession of my darling Berka—I will accept nothing more.

Count. [*Crossing to L.*] You shall not deny me; farewell for the present, but—

[*Crosses, L.*]

Peter. How, sir, are you going? Nay, then, I will make one request—I will ask one boon at your hands.

Count. Speak, and quickly.

Peter. I'm half ashamed to ask it, too. You are a gentleman, and I only a poor labourer; but this, sir, is my wedding-day, and, if you would so far condescend as to honour our little supper, that is now on the table, with your presence, Berka and I would be so delighted—and even you, sir, would, I think, be gratified to witness the happiness you have created.

Count. My kind friend, it would indeed gratify me; but it happens most unfortunately, that I am compelled to refuse the first boon, simple as it is, which you ask of me.

Peter. [*Hurt and retiring.*] I beg your pardon, sir—I was too bold.

Count. Nay, nay—for honour's sake, do not think me ungrateful, or that I am too proud to join your guests; no, indeed, you do me wrong: hear me—you are newly married—you adore your bride—you know what it is to love, and can therefore comprehend my situation. This evening, in a few moments, I am expected by one for whom I would sacrifice life itself.

Peter. Enough, enough! Away, sir,—may you be happy as I am!

Enter BERKA, R. S. E.

Count. Why, Peter, Peter, how can you stay from me so long? Every body is quite astonished, and I am very much offended.

Count. [*Crossing to Berka.*] Ah! this is your wife?

Berka. Yes, sir, I am his wife; if I had not been, he would not have dared to use me so: he's beginning by times to neglect me—a faithless fellow!

Peter. Nay, nay, Berka—this is the gentleman of whom I told you, and to whom we are indebted for all our happiness.

Berka. Oh! that's a different thing, then. I'm sure, sir, I beg your pardon.

Count. Nay, madam; 'tis I who should apologize, for detaining your excellent husband.

Berka. Oh, sir! [*Aside.*] He called me madam—what a nice gentleman! I was only ma'mselle yesterday; now I'm madame, Madame Stein; who wouldn't be married?

Count. Happy friend! you are in possession of your

priceless treasure, the beloved of your heart; well may you condemn my future favours. I can indeed add little to your felicity; but, at least, you must permit me to make my trifling present to the bride.

[*Drawing a diamond ring from his finger, and, advancing to Berka, offers to place it on her finger.*

Berka. Oh, no, sir, not on that finger, if you please; I've got one there already, that Peter gave me this morning, sir. [*He puts it on another finger.*] Thank you kindly, sir. How it does sparkle; look, Peter [*Crosses to Peter*], even by this light; but [*Whispering to Peter.*] I love the other best, for all that.

Peter. Dear Berka! [*Embraces Berka.*

Count. Adieu, my friends! all happiness attend you! If I live, we will meet again. [*Exit Count, R. U. E.*

Berka. What a kind gentleman! Where is he going, Peter, in such a hurry?

Peter. To see his love, Berka—a secret meeting, and not without danger, I fear, by his manner, and a word or two that escaped him.

Berka. What's his name, Peter?

Peter. Faith! I never asked him; but he knows mine now, and I hope we shall soon see him again.

Berka. Let us join our friends.

Peter. Stay,—they come to us.

MUSIC.—*Re-enter JOHAN, MADAME TELKY, and Guests, from the house, R.*

Johan. Now then, now then—we are going to take the bride home in the usual procession. Sister, your hand—Madame Telky, you take the other.

Peter. Hold! hollo! leave one for me, if you please.

Widow T. No, no, Mr. Stein, that's against all rule; you mustn't go with us.

Peter. What! not I?

Widow T. No, certainly; you know, well enough, it's not the custom.

Peter. Rot the custom!

Widow T. You must follow by and by.

Johan. Ay, ay. In the meantime, go and pay the bill, Peter—I'll settle with you to-morrow

Peter. Well, but—

Widow T. No buts, go and do as you're bid directly; we give the law to-day.

Johan Yes, yes—we give the law to-day, so no grumbling.—March!

[*Johan takes Berka by one hand, Widow Telky takes her by the other—the Peasants, &c., form in procession, and exeunt, singing the chorus “Happy Day,” &c.—Peter entering the house sulkily, as if to pay the bill, R. S. E.*

SCENE II.—*A Street in the Suburbs.*

Enter USBECK and ALI, R.—MUSIC.

Usb. It is the command of Abdallah—we must obey our master.

Ali. But how find out two such workmen?

Usb. By a cautious inquiry, perhaps. Stay, here comes a solitary passenger—let us accost him.

Enter PETER, *hastily, tying up his purse.—Ali crosses behind to C.—MUSIC.*

Peter. There's no satisfying waiters! Five florins for a poor fellow like me, I thought, was very handsome. This storm will blow off, after all. Now for home and Berka.

[*Going towards R.*

Usb. (R.) Stop!

Peter. [*Starting, and thrusting his purse into his pocket.—Aside.*] Robbers! and I have no weapons. [*Aloud.*] What would you? [*Putting himself on his guard.*

Usb. We mean you no harm, friend! We would merely ask if you could tell us where to find a good stone-mason and a handy locksmith.

Peter. Is that all? Why, then, you're not far off one of your men, I can tell you. I believe there are few in Buda can handle a chisel or a trowel better than your humble servant.

Usb. How fortunate! Would you like to earn a large sum of money?

Peter. Egad! I think I should, indeed,—jump at it.

Usb. Enough. Take this purse, as an earnest of our liberality.

[*Turns up the stage, and beckons on Two Slaves, R., with a cloak.*

Peter. A purse. [*Aside.*] Well, now, to look at the fellows, I'd have sworn they meant to have taken mine: there's no trusting appearances. [*Aloud.*] What am I to do for this?

Usb. Follow us.

Peter. What, now?

Usb. Instantly.

Peter. Nay, nay, that'll never do ; take your money back, gentlemen. I'll give you my name and address, and will be wherever you please to appoint, to-morrow, —ay, and bring a good locksmith with me. But no money should bribe me from my home to-night, so it's no use talking.

Usb. Peace ! and follow us immediately.

Peter. But I tell you, I won't, I can't ! Take back your money ; find somebody else.

Usb. We have no time for that. Away !

[*Seizing him by one arm.*

Peter. Go to the devil !

[*Struggling.*

Ali. Silence ! and follow, or—

[*Seizing him and showing a dagger—Usbeck showing one also.*

Peter. Hah ! [*Aside.*] Daggers ! What means this mystery ? They are not robbers ; yet, gracious powers, I am defenceless. Oh, Berka, Berka ! and for thy sake I dare not resist. [*Aloud.*] In pity's sake, gentlemen—

Usb. Obey, and you're not only safe, but shall be handsomely rewarded ; struggle again, and you die.

[*MUSIC.—They fling a cloak over him, and hurry him out, R.*

SCENE III.—*Interior of a Grotto, supposed to be situated in the Garden of Abdallah's house—the entrance from the Garden is in the centre of the Stage—a lamp is burning upon a small pedestal, and near it IRMA is discovered, seated on an Ottoman, with a guitar.—Stage half dark.*

IRMA comes forward, c.

Irma. The storm that threatened has passed away : the moon is again unclouded ; she goes down at midnight, and already touches the top of yonder pine. The hour of my deliverance draws nigh. Oh, Emerich, Emerich ! hasten and snatch thy beloved from her hateful prison. I must strike my guitar, that the slaves of Abdallah may hear me : then, passing openly to my chamber, there will I await the moment to return, unperceived, and fly with my brave Hungarian.

AIR—IRMA.

I am in thy power, thou proud pasha !
Said the young Athenian maid ;
But my heart is a gallant Sullot's—
Beware his vengeful blade !

Soon will its glittering terrors flash
 Thy turban'd brow above,—
 You may take the Greek girl's life away,
 But you cannot quench her love.

The booming waves may o'er me roll;
 I may shrivel in forked flame;
 But at the stake or in the flood,
 I will call on my hero's name,
 And laugh to scorn the cruelty
 My spirit soars above.
 Then take the Greek girl's life away
 For you cannot quench her love.

Yonder comes my surly gaoler, Ibrahim. He shall see me retire to my apartment.

MUSIC.—*Enter IBRAHIM, through centre.—Irma passes him scornfully, and exit at R. U. E., through the centre of the Grotto.*

Ibr. Woman!—But thy punishment is at hand.

[MUSIC.—*Ibrahim returns to the entrance of the Grotto, and makes a sign to some one without.*

Enter ABDALLAH, from L. U. E., through c.

Ibr. [Bowing.] My lord may approach.

Abd. [Advancing to L.] Have my commands been obeyed?

Ibr. The will of Abdallah is law to his faithful slave. Ali and Usbeck have returned with them they sought.

Abd. 'Tis well; the traitress shall suffer on the scene of her treason: she could not have selected a spot more favourable for my revenge. [Looking around him.] Did she imagine that, because we were in the land of infidels, she could brave the anger of Abdallah? Bitterly shall she acknowledge her error—whither has she gone?

Ibr. To her chamber, according to her plan; and will return at midnight to the grotto, where the Hungarian is to meet her, introduced by Rica, whose life is only spared upon that condition.

Abd. My curses on the infidel! but my vengeance shall be complete.—Was it not enough to scorn my love, to repay with coldness and disdain the affection which had respected her silly scruples for fifteen weary moons, when it was in my power to have forced compliance; but must she, also, feed my hopes with feigned repentance, only to crush them with more cruelty! [Crosses to R.]

Ibr. Let my lord be calm, the hour of vengeance is at hand.

Abd. Thou sayest true ; full terrible vengeance—her torments shall be lingering, as those she has wrought on me. I know I can trust thee, Ibrahim, with its execution—all is prepared for our departure—fleet horses are in waiting, to bear us over the frontier—I go from hence upon the instant—follow when 'tis done.

[*MUSIC.—Exit Abdallah, L. U. E., through c.*

Ibr. Yes, Abdallah, thou mayst trust me, for I minister to my own vengeance in working thine : the insults yon proud beauty hath heaped on me shall now be terribly atoned.

[*Goes to the entrance of the cavern, and clasps his hands three times.*

Enter USBECK with a mantle and Hungarian cap, L. U. E., through c.

Usbeck, the cap and mantle, so—[*Taking off his turban, and putting on the cap, and enveloping himself in the mantle.*] Are the other slaves disguised ?

Usb. They are.

Ibr. To work, then ; we have no time to lose—bring in those fellows.

[*MUSIC.—Usbeck retires, and re-appears with Ali, leading Peter Stein, who is blindfolded, from L. U. E. through c.*

Peter. Where the devil, now ? Am I never to see the light again ?

Ibr. Remove his bandage.

[*They take off the handkerchief, and exeunt, L. U. E., through c.*

Peter. Where am I ? Who are you ?

Ibr. Questions are idle : do what you are commanded, and you will not repent obedience.

Pet. That's as it may happen—this is a very suspicious beginning ; from the time I have been rolling along in a close carriage, I must be far from Buda, and——

Ibr. Fear nothing, I tell you ; obey orders, and you shall be safely conveyed back to the spot where you were found.

Peter. Quick, then ; tell me what I am to do, for my poor little wife must be in a fine fidget—confound it, who the devil would have thought this morning, that——

Ibr. You see the entrance to this natural grotto—you must build it up with as little appearance of art as possible.

Pet. And where am I to find the tools and materials, pray ?

Ibr. They shall be supplied to you.

Peter. Humph! I don't like the business—I tell you plainly it has a bad look, but I can't help myself; and, if anything is wrong, though I am the mason, remember you are the architect, my fine fellow.

Ibr. Ay, ay, I take the responsibility upon myself.

*Re-enter USBECK and ALI, with JEFFA blindfolded, from
L. U. E., through c.*

Johan. But, gentlemen, good gentlemen, are you sure you won't hurt me?

Pet. [*Aside, R.*] As I live, 'tis Johan!

Ibr. Ha! you are a locksmith!

Johan. Yes, sir, unfortunately; but I can't help it: indeed, sir, it's my father's fault,—he would bring me up to it.

Ibr. Peace, fool! Remove his bandage—tremble not, there is no harm intended thee, provided thou art obedient. [*Usbeck and Ali take off the handkerchief from Johan.*]

Johan. Obedient—lord, sir, I'm as tame as a pet lamb; only ask my wife, sir,—I do every thing she bids me, as far as lies in my power, sir.

Ibr. Silence! [*To Ali.*] Produce those chains and padlocks.

Johan. (L.) Chains and padlocks! O dear! [*Ali goes out, L. S. E., and returns with the chains—he lets them fall near Johan, who, looking fearfully round, catches a glimpse of Peter.*] Oh, murder! [*Peter makes signs to Johan, to take no notice.*] Oh, oh, oh!

Ibr. What ails thee, now?

Johan. The—the chains—the chains, sir; they——

Ibr. Well, they are not for thee.

Johan. No, sir, no; but he dropped 'em upon my toes, sir, and I've got such a corn, I—oh dear, oh dear!

Ibr. [*Sternly.*] To your work, and make less noise, or I may drop some on your legs and arms, that may not so easily be shaken off again.

Johan. Y—y—yes.

[*MUSIC.*—At a sign from Ibrahim, tools are given to Peter and Johan.—Enter two Slaves, drawing in a large stone on a low wooden carriage, which they place near R. S. E.—An anvil is placed near L. S. E., for Johan.—Exeunt all but Peter and Johan.—Ibrahim occasionally appears and disappears through the centre of the Grotto, as he paces at the back in the garden, watching Peter, who is working at the stone, R., and Johan, who is riveting the chains at the anvil, L.]

DUET—PETER, R., and JOHAN, L., *working with their faces from each other.*

Both. Work away—
No delay ;
'Twill be our safest plan
To despatch as we may,
And to earn whate'er we can.

Work away—
No delay, &c.

Johan. And is it you then, really? [*Looking round.*
Peter. And do I see you here?

Johan. There's some plot going forward. [*Looking round cautiously*

Peter. Alas! so I fear.

Johan. I tremble!

Peter. I see it.

Johan. Well, but listen.

Peter. Then speak low.

Johan. Who are they?

Peter. I can't tell you.

Johan. Where are we?

Peter. I don't know.

[*Ibrahim appears at the entrance of the grotto.*

Both. Work away—
No delay, &c.

[*Ibrahim disappears—they approach each other, and whisper quickly.*

Peter. I had nearly reached home—

Johan. I had just left your house—

Peter. When upon me two men—

Johan. Wrapped in mantles, came, souse.

Peter. They asked if a mason—

Johan. If a locksmith I knew.

Peter. I told them the truth.

Johan. Curse it, so did I, to!

Peter. In a coach—

Johan. I was crammed—

Peter. Muffled up!

Johan. And blindfold?

Peter. Even so

Johan. So was I.

Peter. Odd enough!

Johan. But behold! [*Ibrahim appears.*]

[*Running, and resuming their work.*

Both. Work away—
No delay, &c. [*Ibrahim disappears.*

Johan. What a black-looking fellow!

Peter. Observe, but say naught;

For no good, I fear me,

Have we been hither brought.

Johan. In this alarming case,

To act, how were it best?

Peter. Why, as honest men should,—

And to heaven leave the rest.

Enter IBRAHIM *into the Grotto, with* USBECK, ALI, *and the two Slaves, from* L. U. E., *through centre.*

Peter & } Work away—
Johan. } No delay, &c.

Ibr. Time flies. How proceed you?

Johan. The chains are made fast.

Peter. I'm ready to place the first stone.

[The two Slaves remove the stone used by Peter Stein, through centre.]

Ibr. Then the signal may be given—it's already past the hour. *[To Usbeck.]* Let Rica admit the stranger; but keep your eye upon him unperceived. *[Exit Usbeck and Ali, through centre.]* You two follow me.

Peter. *[Joyfully.]* Are we to go home?

Ibr. Not yet—in less than an hour.

Peter. An hour, still?

Ibr. Silence, and follow!

[MUSIC.—Exit Ibrahim, followed by Peter and Johan, through centre.—Ibrahim extinguishes the lamp, and the grotto becomes dark.]

Enter RICA, *cautiously, at the iron door, L., with the key, followed by* COUNT EMERICH.

Count. How long you have detained me! 'Irma must be on the rack!

Rica (c.) It was not to be avoided.—Abdallah has but just left the house.

Count. He is gone to Presburg, you say, and returns to-morrow?

Rica. Ay!

Count. Hasten, then, to Irma.—You tremble!

Rica. Have I not cause? My head would pay the forfeit of this rash act, were it discovered.

Count. True, true, good Rica; but you will fly with us.—And here, here is a purse of gold, an earnest of my future bounty.

Rica. *[Agitated, crossing to L.]* No, no, no! put it up. *[Aside.]* I cannot take his gold at the moment I am destroying him.

Count. Good fellow, refuse it not—I am rich, and thy services would be cheaply bought at fifty times its value.

Rica. I go to summon Irma?

[Rushes out through centre, to R. U. E.]

Count. His unusual agitation alarms me! The plan

is of his own arranging—has some unforeseen obstacle arisen, or—I know not how it is, but a presentiment of evil has weighed upon my heart all day—psa! let the near prospect of long-looked-for bliss banish the idle fear!

AIR.—COUNT.

My Irma comes—in beauty's pride
She comes—my tender, trusting bride!
Her raven hair and starry eyes
Like her own southern midnight skies.
My Irma comes—sweet as the gale
That summer knows in Tempe's vale;
When evening blends in one rich sigh
The thousand flowers of Thessaly.
My Irma comes—away with fear,—
What can be ill, when she is near?
My heart in that brief sentence sums
All blessings up—my Irma comes!

Enter IRMA, in a Hungarian dress, from R. U. E., through centre.

Irma. My Emerich, I feared thou hadst deserted me!

Count. Dearest Irma, I was at my post to the moment! and feared, from the delay, that our project was discovered.—There can surely be no doubt of Rica's truth?

Irma. No, no, no! he is himself too deeply implicated: see, he has procured me this dress of your own country, the better to escape notice in our flight.

Count. Where is he now?—he goes with us?

Irma. He will be here upon the instant. He charged me to await his coming.

Count. Irma, I like it not; we have lost much precious time already.

Irma. Oh, fear him not; remember, he has been of my counsel ever since that happy day when our eyes first met, at Presburg—when, mourning my sad lot in the high-walled garden of my prison, my song of sorrow reached your ears; and, climbing the tall linden that overlooked the spot, you spoke of love and liberty.

Count. Love and liberty! Alas! Irma, this delay threatens both with ruin!—I will await the slave no longer! Hasten, Irma, this iron door is open, and leads down, through the rock, to the river's bank.—Let us away!

[*MUSIC.*—As they approach the iron door, L. Rica rushes in wildly through centre, from R. U. E., and flings himself before them.]

Rica. Unfortunates ! one step that way, and you are lost !—I have betrayed you !

Count. [*Half draws his sword.*] Ah !

Rica. Strike ! my life must answer for it, either way ! but remorse has driven me to brave the vengeance of Abdallah, and I may save you yet.—Armed slaves have hastened at my signal, with Usbeck at their head, to intercept you, as you issue from that path ; but, follow me—in the garden is a spot where you may lie concealed till morning, when, if I live, you shall be rescued.—Follow !

[*MUSIC.*—*They hesitate—Rica hurries towards the garden, waving them to follow—a shot is fired, L. V. E., and Rica falls, mortally wounded—some Slaves rush forward, followed by Ibrahim and Ali, at the same moment, from centre—Usbeck enters at the iron door, with other Slaves with torches and armed, who seize Irma and the Count, after a struggle with the latter, in which his sword is broken.*]

Ibr. [*Replacing his discharged pistol.*] Bear hence that double traitor ! [*Rica is carried out.*] Forward with the workmen. [*Slaves bring forward a board with mortar on it and a trowel, and place it near R. S. E., for Peter.—Peter and Johan are forced in from centre.*] Now despatch—you know your duties—the first who hesitates, dies.

[*The Slaves compel Johan to rivet the chains on the Count, who is held by two Slaves, while fastened to the wall, L., and Irma, who is held by two Slaves while fastened to the wall, R.*]

FINALE.

Count. Russians ! unhand her ! On me wreck your rage !

Peter. [*Aside and starting.*] Oh, horror ! 'tis he—'tis my friend !

Ibr. To your work on the instant !

[*Peter commences building up the entrance assisted by Slaves ; Ali standing beside him with a cocked pistol.*]

Ibr. Your pangs to assuage [*Ironically to Count and Irma.*]
On your humblest of servants depend.

Our master is loth such fond lovers to part,

So here yon together may dwell

Secure from intrusion.—Nay, madam, why start ?

Love, sure, can illumine the dreariest cell ?

Irma. Monster ! immure us not alive !

Count. To instant death, oh, change our doom !

Ibr. In vain yon kneel, in vain you strive,—

[*Kneets.*]

This grotto is your living tomb.

Mason, despatch !

Peter. Ay, ay ; I hear.

Count & Irma. } Despair ! despair ! no friend is near !

- Peter.* "Courage still, boys,— [*Singing at his work*
Come what will, boys,
Honest hearts have naught to fear."
- Count.* [*Aside.*] Ha! can it be!
- Ibr.* [*To Peter.*] Silence! or bring
Destruction on your head!
- Peter.* Pho! don't tell me!
I can't work if I don't sing.
Will you take the trowel instead?
- Ibr.* No more! complete your task. [*To Usbeck and the rest.*
Away!
- [*Ibrahim and the Slaves, who have remained inside the grotto, prepare to depart by the iron door, L., with Johan, whom they have again blindfolded.*
- Irma.* For mercy's sake, barbarian, stay!
- Count.* Insulted heaven our cry will hear!
- [*Exeunt all but Count and Irma, at the iron door, L., which they lock and bar after them.*
- [*Peter, who is placing the last stone, sings without.*
Courage still, boys,—
Come what will, boys,
Honest hearts have naught to fear.
- [*The grotto is quite dark—the act-drop falls on the Count, L., and Irma, R., who remain chained to the walls.*

END OF ACT I.

ACT II.

SCENE I.—*Exterior of Peter's Cottage at the foot of the Blocksberg.—Daybreak.**Enter Berka, from the Cottage, L. D. F.*

Ber. Day is breaking, I vow! and no Peter yet—what can have become of him? If he don't come soon, I shall go distracted!—Can he have deserted, abandoned me—me, his dear little Berka; whom he has so often vowed he loved better than life! I've sat crying these five hours, afraid to stir, lest he should arrive in the meantime; but I can bear it no longer—I'll go this moment and knock up my brother, Johan, and his wife, and ask them what I shall do.

*Enter NAGGY ASPEN, R.**Nag.* Madame Stein! Madame Stein!*Ber.* Oh, my dear sister-in-law, I was just coming to you! where's Johan, I want him immediately?*Nag.* Want him, the villain, so do I! he hasn't been home all night—he shall pay for this, I promise him.

Ber. Eh! what! Johan not been home either?

Nag. Either! why, what do you mean?

Ber. Oh, my dear Naggy, I'm a miserable little woman! Peter is either dead or run away.

Nag. Peter, too! oh, the wretches! they're not dead—no, no, not they—they have gone gallivanting somewhere together: but, if I don't teach my husband how to stay out all night—

Ber. Oh dear! oh dear! was ever anything so terrible? I think as you do, Naggy, nothing could have happened to him the way he had to come, without my hearing of it—and it's very shameful of him, so it is!

[Sobbing.]

AIR—BERKA.

What shall I do! oh, dear!
 Sure never was known such sinning,—
 Well-a-day! who can pretend
 To say how the wretch will end,
 When only see here—oh, dear!
 This is the way he's beginning.
 Yesterday morning he protested,
 He loved me better than his life;
 And, of all roving thoughts divested,
 Nothing should lure him from his wife.
 Though all day long to work attending,
 Each eve should see him homeward wending.
 Yet even the first,—oh, dear!
 Sure, never was known such sinning;
 Well-a-day! who can pretend
 To guess how the wretch will end,
 When only see here—oh, dear!
 This is the way he's beginning

Nag. Hark! there's somebody coming! perhaps it's he—no, no; as I live, it's that nasty, sneering, mischief-making Widow Telky.

Ber. Oh, don't let her see how vexed we are! I'll say Peter's gone out, and—and that I'm going out—and I will go out, too, and drown myself, if I can't find him!

Enter WIDOW TELKY, R.

Widow T. [*Speaks as she enters.*] Madame Stein!
 [*Aside.*] Madame Aspen here, too! that's delightful!
 [*Crosses to centre.*] Good morning to you, ladies both; why, you are stirring betimes, as well as myself—but where are your husbands, pray, if I may be so bold?

Ber. Our husbands, madam?—They are gone out on business, madam, for the day.

Widow T. Indeed! dear me! well, now, only to think what scandalous people there are in the world—do you know that it is confidently whispered in the neighbourhood that, so far from having gone out this morning, they have not been at home all night.

Ber. [*Aside.*] The spiteful thing!

Nag. [*Aside.*] I could tear her eyes out!

Widow T. But I beg your pardon, I'm afraid I have hurt your feelings—I meant no offence, indeed.

Ber. Oh, madam, don't mention it, I beg—you can't offend me, madam. [*Aside.*] I'm in a fever.

Widow T. But I see you are a little nettled, ladies, and well you may be; for to have such husbands as yours, is certainly very provoking.

Ber. It's much more provoking not to get a husband at all.

Nag. Yes, particularly when some people try so hard for one!

Widow T. Impertinence!

Ber. } But I beg your pardon, indeed—I'm afraid
& } I've hurt your feelings—indeed we meant no
Nag. } offence.

Widow T. Well, well, come, ladies, don't let us quarrel; you have been shamefully used.—I know all about it—much more than you know yourselves: you only suspect the infidelity of your husbands, I can prove it.

Ber. }
& } You can—you can?
Nag. }

Widow T. I can; but, sooner than make mischief, I would be dumb for ever: they will be home soon, I have no doubt, and, I dare say, with a plausible story; so you'd better take it for granted, my dear friends, for the truth would only distress you.

Nag. The truth—the truth—I insist on knowing the truth.

Ber. So do I.

Widow T. Well, then, if you compel me to speak (for, mind, I do it most unwillingly), I will reveal their disgraceful conduct. Come with me, poor, deceived, unhappy creatures, come to my house, where we shall not be interrupted, and you shall hear all about it—I'd never forgive them, if I were you.

Nag. He shall go on his knees to me first, a villain.

Ber. Oh, dear, oh, dear! who would have believed this yesterday? [*Exeunt Naggy, Berka, and the Widow, L.*]

MUSIC.—*Enter PETER STEIN hastily, and in great confusion.*

Peter. I am bewildered—I know not what to do, or what to think. [*Running to his door in F. L., and knocking.*] *Berka*, dear *Berka*! no answer. [**MUSIC.**—*Bursts open the door, and returning.*] Not there! She is gone! I shall never see her more! Oh, cruel fate! my benefactor and his beloved doomed to the most dreadful of deaths, and I have forfeited my own happiness, yet am unable, by the sacrifice, to save them. Ah, *Johan*!

Enter JOHAN hastily, L. S. E.

Welcome! now, what news? You have been to the police?

Johan. Yes, to the office.

Peter. Well, you have made your deposition.

Johan. No!

Peter. No, 'sdeath! what do you mean?

Johan. Why, you see, just as I reached the door, I was struck on a sudden——

Peter. Ah! by one of the villains?

Johan. No, by a reflection.

Peter. Psha! what reflection? Does it throw any light on the matter?

Johan. A great deal.

Peter. Speak, then—out with it.

Johan. Why, look ye, *Peter*, it is pretty plain, from the capital carriage in which I have been riding—for, though I was blindfolded, I could tell by the motion that it was no common affair—you know, my father was a coachmaker, and, though I'm only a locksmith, I flatter myself that——

Peter. Confound it, go on.

Johan. Well, I am going on.—I say, it's quite clear, from the circumstance of the heavy purses of gold we have received, and from the number of servants and people we saw, and, indeed, from every thing concerning the business—I say it's quite clear that——

Peter. That what? That what?

Johan. Why, that some very rich and powerful person is at the bottom of it all.

Peter. Well, of course; and therefore——

Johan. And, therefore, the less we meddle with the matter, the better.

Peter. How! and for this cowardly reason, you have neglected informing the police?

Johan. To be sure.

Peter. And do you think I will tamely abandon the wretched pair to their horrible fate?

Johan. Poo! poo! don't you make yourself uneasy about them; they are people of consequence, too, no doubt.

Peter. And what then?

Johan. Why, your great folks always manage to get out of a scrape, somehow or another—it's only us poor devils who stick in the mud.—They'll do very well, you may depend on it.

Peter. Fool! coward! dolt!

Johan. Besides, I took good care not to rivet the chains too fast—a good pull would break them from the staples.

Peter. But how break through the iron door, or the flinty rock? But why do I lose an instant—let me hasten to the police, and——

[*Peter crosses to L.*]

Johan. Stay, stay! don't be so rash—there is yet another reason for caution; the last thing one of these black-looking devils said to me when, taking off my bandage, he left me in the same place from whence he had brought me, was, “Breathe not a syllable respecting what you have seen or heard, or we shall meet again.”

Peter. So they threatened me; but I defy them, I——

Johan. Stay, stay! there's another thing I hav'n't told you, and which added to my reasons for not entering the office.

Peter. Speak, and quickly, then.

Johan. Why, then, I am pretty sure that, as I turned the corner of the street, one of those terrible black devils passed close to my elbow.

Peter. And you did not seize him! You did not drag him before the police?

Johan. I! oh, lord bless you, no! On the contrary, I walked the other way as fast as ever I could.

Peter. Distraction! oh, that I had been there, Johan. [*Fiercely.*] You are my brother-in-law, the brother of my adored Berka.—The wife this dreadful night has, perhaps, lost to me for ever! But you, even you, will I spurn in the dust, if you aid me not, heart and arm, to

defeat their villany, or to punish the murderers chase between their vengeance and mine. [*Seizing him.*] Nay, between their wrath and that of heaven!

Johan. I do, I do; only let go my throat, and I really will tell you something that——

Peter. There, then, but no more fooling.

Johan. No, really—and now I can show you something that may perhaps lead to—but, now, whatever comes of it, there's a dear Peter, don't say I found it—say you did—you know you don't mind.

Peter. Found what! Explain and fear nothing—I will dare all.

Johan. Why, then, you must know, after they had made me help to chain the poor creatures to the wall, and were forcing me out blindfolded, I stumbled in my fright, and fell upon something which I picked up and thrust into my waistcoat, hardly knowing what I did, I'm sure, at the time. It's a sort of a dagger, I think, for I've not dared to look at it since, and if it belongs to the people of the house——

Peter. Ha! let me see it—you have it here.

Johan. Yes, yes, safe enough. But you promise, now—honour bright.

Peter. I do, I do.

Johan. There it is, then.

[*Pulling the hilt of Emerich's sword cautiously from out of his bosom.*]

Peter. [*Snatching and examining it.*] Ha! 'tis no dagger; 'tis the hilt of a broken sword—and here, see here is a coat of arms engraved on the pommel—oh, Providence! this may, indeed, lead to some discovery. I have a neighbour who has a book with all the arms of our nobility—wait me here one moment, Johan—yes, this may solve the mystery.

[*Runs out, L.*]

Johan. The fellow almost stopped my wizen. I shall get murdered! I know I shall! my wife will half kill me, if no body else don't, for staying out all night. She'll never believe the story—nobody'll believe it—I don't believe it myself; I've been walking in my sleep, and it's all a dream. I'm sure it is, but that won't satisfy Madame Aspen—no, no, when once my Naggy takes a thing in her head, she's not so easily satisfied. My dear Mr. Aspen, she'll say, where the devil have you been to? Devil fetch me, if I know, my dear, says I.—You've been among the girls, you villain! she's sure to say

that. It's always the way, if a man has the misfortune to be particularly good-looking, his wife is sure to suspect him the moment his back's turned. You've been among the girls, Mr. Aspen!—No such luck, my dear, I shall say, if I dare, but that depends upon how I feel at the moment. Naggy's got such an intimidating way with her.

Enter NAGGY and MADAME TELKY.

Naggy. [*Overhearing him.*] Has she, Mr. Aspen?—you've a pretty fellow, a'n't you?

Johan. That's just what I was saying, my dear! but I can't help it, you know

Naggy. Where have you been to, villain?

Johan. There now, didn't I say?—I don't know, my love.

Naggy. You don't know, you base wretch! but I know—you've been among the girls, you monster.

Johan. There again, now—I knew she'd say so; and I can't say "no such luck," for the life of me.

Naggy. What, you're dumbfounded, are you? you hav'nt a word to say for yourself.

Johan. Yes, indeed, Naggy.

Naggy. What, you confess it?

Johan. No, indeed, Naggy.

Naggy. Hah! dare you deny it? Go home, sir [*Pushes him to c.*—go home this moment; I'll read you a lesson for this.

Widow T. Ay, ay, go home, Mr. Aspen; you ought to be ashamed of yourself.

Johan. Hold your tongue, you old rattlesnake; I'm not married to you, thank my stars; if I were, egad! I must take to the bell-hanging line, as well as a lock-smith; and I tell you what, I won't be snubbed by anybody but my own lawful wife; and, as to going home, Naggy, I can't, indeed—Peter'll kill me if I do. I've promised to wait for him here, and—

Naggy. Peter, indeed! I'll Peter him! Come home, this instant, Mr. Aspen.

Enter an OFFICER, with Four Soldiers, &c.

Officer. Aspen! that is our man.—You are our prisoner.

Johan. Prisoner! oh dear! what for?

Officer. Oh! a mere trifle—only murdering a kinsman of the Prince Palatine.

Johan. I never did!

Naggy & Widow T. Murdering!

Officer. Follow to the citadel—march!

Johan. O, Mr. Officer, I'm an innocent man! only ask Peter Stein!

Officer. He is your accomplice, and already in custody—march!

Johan. O dear! this comes of meddling.

[Crosses to Naggy.]

Naggy. This comes of stopping out all night, and keeping such company.

Officer. How! do you know what company he was in last night?

Naggy. Yes, sir; that is, Madame Telky here told me that—

Widow T. Who! me [Aside.] O dear! that'll never do—I shall get myself into some trouble. [Aloud.] O dear, no, sir! I was only joking with Madame Aspen, indeed—I don't know anything about it, sir.

Officer. March those women to the guard-house separately; mind, let them have no communication.

Widow T. & Naggy. Who! us, sir? oh dear!

Officer. Away with them! [The Officer places the Widow next to the Soldier on L., Naggy follows 2nd Soldier, and Johan after 3d Soldier—Officer follows 4th Soldier—all exeunt, L.] March, fellow!

[MUSIC.—They hurry out Johan, Aspen, Widow, and Naggy, L.]

SCENE II.—Ramparts of the Citadel.

Enter the PALATINE, followed by PETER, with broken sword-hilt, and guarded by Two Soldiers, R.

Pal. Your story is incredible; but this broken sword, and the absence of my kinsman, alarm me for his fate. The arms are those of the House of Sarfo; and such a weapon I have seen in Count Emerich's possession. Every assistance shall be rendered you in your endeavours to prove the truth of your assertions; and four-and-twenty hours are given you for that purpose: but if, within that time, you cannot discover a clue to this mystery, and the count himself does not appear to banish these terrible suspicions, you and your comrade shall suffer as his murderers.

Peter. Then I must die, my lord; for my last hope, that this fragment would reveal the criminal, has deserted me: it proves to be the property of the victim; and to that victim's dreadful tomb what clue can I afford you! Placed blindfolded in a carriage which was whirled along at a fearful pace for nearly two hours, the spot at which it stopped must be at least three German miles from Buda, but in what direction I can form no guess: hurried back with the same speed, and the same precautions, though I removed the bandage the instant I felt myself free, no trace of my conductors was to be seen: had they sunk through the ground, or melted into the air, they could not have vanished more completely.

Pal. They were Hungarians?

Peter. They wore the garb and spoke the language, as did those upon the scene of the crime, and the hapless lady who shares the count's imprisonment. Oh! my good lord, mistrust me not: why should I frame this story? why have I thrown myself into your power, and placed in your hands the only evidence of my crime? Should I have chosen the eve of that day which united me to a lovely and innocent being for the commission of so black and bloody a deed? O Berka! Berka! where art thou? I have lost thee, too; and death, were it not coupled with ignominy, I should hail as a blessing.

Enter an OFFICER, with two Soldiers, L.

Officer. My lord, the locksmith is in custody, and two women with whom he was conversing, and who prevaricated in their answers. A third woman, who states herself to be the wife of that prisoner, is sobbing without, and craving admittance to him.

Peter. Ah! my Berka! O, my lord, for pity's sake!

Pal. Let her approach. I will interrogate the other prisoners separately. Assist in any search that man may propose; but shoot him if he attempts escaping.

[*Exit Palatine, R.*

Enter BERKA, L.—Runs to Peter.

Peter. My wife—my love!

Berka. Oh, Peter! Peter! why do I see you here? why are you a prisoner? what crime are you accused of? I have heard such a terrible rumour.

Peter. I am accused of murder, Berka—of having as-

sassinated my benefactor—the man, too, whose life I had previously preserved at the peril of my own.

Berka. But you are not guilty, Peter?

Peter. No, thank Heaven! but I am destitute of all proof of my innocence.

Berka. Not so, Peter: though you have acted basely by me, and though the confession must cover you with shame, you can bring proof of your innocence of murder.

Peter. What mean you?

Berka. Where did you pass last night, you faithless man?

Peter. Alas! far, far from Buda! But where—oh! would I knew.

Berka. For shame—for shame! you know better, sir! and I know better. You may well start. I know well enough where you were, sir; and any other wise would let you be hanged, and glory in it—so they would, you base man.

Peter. Berka, as I hope for mercy, I know not—and you cannot know. Listen, I—

Berka. No, sir, I won't listen to your falsehoods, or your excuses.—I tell you, I do know where you were, sir—you were watched.

Peter. [*Joyfully.*] Can it be possible? O, speak!

Berka. Speak? Yes, I will speak!—Far from Buda, indeed!—You know well enough it was in the Old Town, scarcely out of sight of your own house.

Peter. What do I hear!

Berka. You see I know—Madame Telky has told me everything.

Peter. Madame Telky?

Berka. Yes, sir; the waiter at the inn where we supped saw you stop and speak to two strangers, and then muffle yourself up in a large cloak, and hurry away with them very mysteriously; and he was coming to tell me, when he met Madame Telky; so he told her;—and she, suspecting you were about no good, made him turn back with her, and follow you; and, from a distance, they saw you get into a carriage.

Peter. Hah! well, what then?

Berka. Why, she sent the boy home, with a caution not to tell any body, and then went home herself; but she couldn't sleep, kind soul! for thinking how ill you used me: and, about an hour afterwards, she heard the sound of wheels, and, going to the window, she saw, by the light of the moon, the same carriage stop before the

gate of the great house, nearly facing her, where that shameful old Turk, Abdallah, keeps half-a-dozen women.

[*Bursting into tears.*

Peter. She did! impossible! The time—the dresses—and yet disguises—and a circuitous road, to prevent suspicion—it must be so. Oh! Providence—

[*Drops upon one knee.*

Berka. Ah! well may you kneel, and ask pardon for your perfidy!

Peter. Berka! dear Berka! [*Springing up.*] you have saved my life! you have saved my benefactor's! What, ho! officers! soldiers! To the Palatine—to the Palatine.

[*MUSIC.—Exeunt hastily, R.*

SCENE III.—*The Grotto, dark—the entrance in the centre walled up.—IRMA, R., and COUNT, L., discovered, chained to opposite sides, leaning despondingly against the rocks.*

SCENA.—*Recitative.*—COUNT.

Darkness! impenetrable darkness! black
As are our rayless fortunes—Night, thick night,
More terrible than e'en the night of death,
Which seems too long approaching! Irma! Hah!
She answers not! Irma, beloved Irma!

Irma. [*Faintly.*] Emerich! Oh, that I
Could look on thee and die.

Count. Vile chain, that holds me from my love! give way!
Oh, for the strength of the wild elephant,
To snap thee like a thread! It shakes! it yields!
Irma, I come to thee!

[*With a violent effort, the stake is wrenched from the wall, the Count disengages himself, runs to Irma, and releases her.*

Irma. My love, my husband!

Once more within thy arms! now, death, come quickly!

DUET.—COUNT and IRMA.—*Both come forward.*

Greedy monarch of the grave,
Ever on the quest for prey,
Here thy sable pinions wave,
Hither wing thy rapid way!
Leave the happy one short hour;
Kindly bring the wretched rest;
Seek for once a bridal bower
Where thy coming will be bless'd.

Recitative—Count.

But is there now no hope? Must we die here
Of hunger?

[*Shouts at a distance, R. U. R.*

Hark! there are sounds

[*They go up.*

Like shouts and blows without. Oh, listen, listen!

[*MUSIC.—Shouts again, R. U. R.*

Hark, hark! I say—

I hear them louder, now! louder, and louder!

[A shout is faintly heard without with knocking, R. U. E.]

Irma. Ah! we are saved.

Count. They come! Oh, Providence!

Pardon our rash despair!

FINALE.

DUET—IRMA and COUNT.

Pardon the wild despair,
That of thy merey doubted;
And give us strength to bear
This sudden flood of joy.

Count. Hark how they labour there.

Irma. And louder then they shouted.

Count. Now the portal they destroy.

Irma. And see! the blessed beams of day
Through the crumbling wall appear.

Count. And hark! and hark! the well-known lay.

[*Peter and Chorus without*, R. U. E.]

Courage still, boys,—

Come what will, boys,

Honest hearts have naught to fear.

[A breach is made in the wall, in the centre, which falls in ruins.]

Enter PETER STEIN, *hastily*, through the breach, followed by Labourers—the iron door, also, is forced, and JOHAN ASPEN enters, with the PALATINE and Soldiers, WIDOW TELKY, BERKA, NAGGY, &c.—The stage light.

Peter. Alive, alive! Hurrah! hurrah!

Count. [Embracing *Peter and Palatine*.] Friend and kinsman, to my heart!

Widow T., Berka, and Naggy. It's all through me.

All. Hah! ha, ha, ha!

Irma. Words can ne'er our joy impart.

All. Hence away,

And close the day

With mirth and music and good cheer.

Principals. Soft awhile,
For fortune's smile

May not be reflected here.

[To the public.]

Irma. On these friends

Our fate depends!

But, if the wish to please appear—

Count. Why— Courage still, boys,—

Come what will, boys,

Honest hearts have naught to fear.

All.

Courage still, boys, &c.

[The curtain falls.]

DISPOSITION OF THE CHARACTERS AT THE FALL OF THE CURTAIN.

PALATINE. BER. PET. IRMA. COUNT. NAG. JOH. WIDOW.
R.] [L.]

THE END.

Published by John Cumberland, 19, Ludgate Hill.

THE PERCY ANECDOTES,

On Various Subjects, Original and Select, by Sholto and Reuben Percy, Brothers of the Benedictine Monastery, Mont Benier. Embellished with upwards of 40 Portraits of celebrated Persons, Engraved on Steel by Mr. Fry, and elegant Engraved Titles; in 41 Parts, price 2s. 6d. each, or in 20 Vols., bound in cloth, price £5. 5s.

*** This elegant interesting little Work consists of Anecdotes on forty different subjects; each subject forms a separate Part, which is complete in itself, and embellished with a popular Portrait, finely engraved by Fry, enriched with appropriate Emblematical Devices, from the designs of a celebrated Artist.

CUMBERLAND'S ACTING PLAYS,

Now Publishing in Numbers, price 6d. each.

Consisting of the best Tragedies, Comedies, Operas, Farces, Melodramas, and Interludes, accurately printed from the Prompters' Book, with Remarks, Biographical and Critical, the Costumes, Casts of the Characters, and the Stage Business, as now performed at the Theatres Royal, London. Each Play is embellished with an Engraving of an interesting Scene, taken in the Theatre by Mr. R. Cruikshank, or a Portrait of a celebrated Performer, engraved by Woolnath, from a Drawing by Wageman.

*** As a cheap, excellent, and correct edition of Dramatic Literature, this Work is without a rival."—*Literary Chronicle*.

CUMBERLAND'S LIVES AND PORTRAITS OF PUBLIC CHARACTERS,

Who have distinguished themselves as Legislators, Statesmen, Warriors, Patriots, Philanthropists, Divines, Lawyers, Philosophers, Astronomers, Poets, Painters, Sculptors, Tragedians, Musicians, Travelers, &c. Embellished with Engraved Titles, Frontispiece, and 57 fine Portraits, engraved by Cooper. In 44 Numbers at 6d. (each Number containing 2 Plates), 11 Parts at 2s. (each Part containing 5 Plates), or in 3 Vols. cloth boards, price £1. 4s.

*** This very amusing and really useful Work will be perused with pleasure by every class of readers; it is replete with every important fact connected with the memoirs of the most celebrated personages of the past and present day.

THE EVENTFUL LIFE OF NAPOLEON BONAPARTE,

Late Emperor of France, &c. &c. &c.

BY BARON KARLO EXCELLMANN'S,

Detailing his brilliant Achievements as a Warrior, and Policy as a Statesman, under the Consular and Imperial Governments: interspersed with Anecdotes, tending to elucidate his Campaigns in Italy, Egypt, Austria, Prussia, Russia, France, and Belgium; including every incident connected with his Private Memoirs, from the period of his Birth at Ajaccio, in Corsica, to his Death, at Longwood, in St. Helena. In 100 Numbers at 6d., with numerous Engravings, beautifully coloured.

FIELDING'S SELECT PROVERBS OF ALL NATIONS,

On Religion, Virtue, and Learning; Economy, Manners, and Riches; Women, Love, and Wedlock; Health and Dies; Husbandry and Weather; English Local Proverbs; Familiar Phrases, Similes, Proverbial Rhymes, and Old Saws; a Summary of Ancient Pastimes and Holydays; Ancient Customs and Ceremonies; Popular Superstitions; Vulgar Errors; Legal Errors; Errors in Natural History; Pictorial Errors; Errors on Man; and Select Sayings and Maxims. The whole illustrated with Notes and Comments. Price 3s. 6d. boards.

*** "This is really a very neat, clever, and interesting little volume; the proverbs are well selected, and present a great variety, not only of subjects, but of languages in which they have originated."—*Literary Chronicle*.

THE GAME COCK,

With an Account of his Origin, the most Improved Method of Breeding and Training for Battle; also, the Rules and Regulations established by Professed Cockers, to be observed in all the regular Cock-Pits. Price 1s. 6d. embellished with a coloured Engraving.

THE BLACK BOOK,

COMPLETE, WITH SUPPLEMENT AND APPENDIX,

Containing an Account of all Places, Pensions, and Stipends; Lists of the Members of Parliament and the House of Lords; the Expenditure of the Civil List; the Amount and Application of the Droits of the Crown and Admiralty; Revenues of the Clergy; Salaries and Emoluments in the Courts of Justice and Police Departments; Account of the Affairs and Profits of the Bank of England; the Debt, Revenue, and Influence of the East India Company, &c. In 40 Numbers 3s. at 6d., 10 Parts, at 2s., or in 2 Vols. 8vo., black extra boards, £1. 1s.

CUMBERLAND'S ACTING PLAYS,

Price 6d. each, very expensive Copyrights, 1s. each.

VOL. I.

1. Romeo and Juliet.
2. She Stoops to Conquer.
3. Macbeth.
4. Pizarro.
5. Richard III.
6. Douglas.
7. Suspicious Husband

VOL. II.

8. Othello.
9. The Duenna.
10. The Rivals.
11. The Belle's Stratagem.
12. Cymbeline.
13. Venice Preserved.
14. The West Indian.

VOL. III.

15. Much Ado about Nothing
16. The Hypocrite.
17. As You Like It.
18. The Provoked Husband.
19. The Beggars' Opera.
20. The Way to Keep Him.
21. The Padlock.

VOL. IV.

22. King John.
23. King Henry IV. Part I.
24. The Wonder.
25. Hamlet.
26. Trip to Scarborough.
27. The Road to Ruin.
28. The Gamester.

VOL. V.

29. The Winter's Tale.
30. The Man of the World.
31. The Inconstant.
32. Love in a Village.
33. Jane Shore.
34. King Henry VIII.
35. Julius Cæsar.

VOL. VI.

36. Merchant of Venice.
37. Merry Wives of Windsor.
38. Virginius, 1s.
39. Caius Gracchus.
40. All in the Wrong.
41. King Lear.
42. Cato.

VOL. VII.

43. New way to pay Old Debts
44. Measure for Measure.
45. The Jealous Wife.
46. The Tempest.
47. Clandestine Marriage.
48. Coriolanus.
49. Every One has his Fault.

VOL. VIII.

50. The Alcaid.
51. The Busy Body.
52. The Tale of Mystery.
53. Know your Own Mind.
54. The Mayor of Garratt.
55. A Woman Never Vext.
56. The Maid of the Mill.

VOL. IX.

57. The Barber of Seville.
58. Isabella.
59. Charles the Second.
60. The Fair Penit.
61. George Barnwell.
62. The Fall of Al.
63. Der Freischütz.

VOL. X.

64. The Fatal Dowry.
65. Shepherd of Derwent Vale
66. Father and Son.
67. Wives as they Were.
68. Lofly Projects.
69. Every Man in his Humour
70. The Two Galley Slaves

VOL. XI.

71. Brutus, 1s.
72. Ali Pacha.
73. Twelfth Night.
74. Henry the Fifth.
75. Love in Humble Life.
76. Child of Nature.
77. The Sleep Walker.

VOL. XII.

78. Orestes in Argos.
79. Hide and Seek.
80. Tribulation.
81. The Rival Valets.
82. Roses and Thorns.
83. Midas.
84. Rule a Wife and Have [Wife].

VOL. XIII.

85. A Bold Stroke for a Wife.
86. The Good-Natured Man.
87. Oberon.
88. The Lord of the Manor.
89. The Honey-Moon.
90. Doctor Bolus.
91. High Life Below Stairs.

VOL. XIV.

92. Disagreeable Surprise.
93. The Stranger.
94. The Village Lawyer.
95. School for Scandal.
96. The Spoiled Child.
97. Animal Magnetism.
98. The Wheel of Fortune.

VOL. XV.

99. The Critic.
100. Deaf and Dumb.
101. The Castle Spectre.
102. The Revenge.
103. Midnight Hour.
104. Speed the Plough, 1s.
105. Rosina

VOL. XVI.

106. Monsieur Tonson.
107. Comedy of Errors.
108. Spectre Bridegroom.
109. Cure for Heart-ache, 1s.
110. Amateurs and Actors.
111. Ink and Varico.
112. Education.

VOL. XVII.

113. Children in the Wood.
114. Rendezvous.
115. Barbarossa.
116. Gambler's Fate.
117. Giovanni in London.
118. School of Reform, 1s.
119. Lovers' Vows.

VOL. XVIII.

120. The Highland Reel.
121. Two Gents. of Verona.
122. Taming of the Shrew.
123. Secrets Worth Knowing
124. Weathercock. [ing, 1s]
125. Somnambulist.
126. All's Well that Ends Well

VOL. XIX.

127. Artaxerxes.
128. The Serf, 1s.
129. The Lancers.
130. Love for Love.
131. Merchant's Wedding, 1s
132. A Race for a Dinner.
133. Raising the Wind.

VOL. XX.

- 134 The Siege of Belgrade.
- 135 Who Wants a Guinea ? 1
- 136 The Poor Soldier.
- 137 Midsummer Night's Dream
- 138 The Way to get Marie
- 139 The Irish Tutor. [1
- 140 Paul and Virginia.

VOL. XXI.

- 141 The Cabinet, 1s.
- 142 The Youthful Queen
- 143 Green-Lyed Monster.
- 144 Country Girl.

To be Continued.]



CUMBERLAND'S Minor Theatre.

- 1 The Pilot.
- 2 The Heart of Mid Lothian
- 3 Inch Cape Bell.
- 4 Mason of Buda.

[To be Continued.]

LIST OF PORTRAITS CONTAINED IN THE WORK.

Miss F. H. Kelly—Mr. Young—Miss Chester—Mr. Macready—Mrs. Pann—Mrs. V. West—Miss Smithson—Mad. Vestris—Miss M. Tree—Mr. Wallack—Mr. Kean—Mr. Kenble—Mr. W. Warren—Miss Vincent—Mr. Harley—Mr. Jones—Mr. Mathews—Mr. Elliston—Mr. Kean, Jun—Miss Foote—Miss Paton—Miss Love.